My backe a tother ſide, a my backe, my backe:
Beſhrew your heart for ſending me about
To catch my death with iaunſing vp and downe.
Iu. I faith I am ſorrie that thou art not well.
Sweete ſweete, ſweete Nurſe, tell me what ſayes my loue?
Nur. Your loue ſaies like an honeſt Gentleman,
And a courteous, and a kind, and a handſome,
And I warrant a vertuous, where is your mother?
Iu. Where is my mother, why ſhe is within, where ſhould ſhe be?
How odly thou repliеſt:
Your loue ſaies like an honeſt gentleman,
Where is your mother?
Nur. O Gods Lady deare,
Are you ſo hot, marrie come vp I trow,
Is this the poultis for my aking bones:
Henceforward do your meſſages your ſelfe.
Iuli. Heres ſuch a coile, come what ſaies *Romeo*?
Nur. Haue you got leaue to go to ſhrift to day?
Iu. I haue.
Nur. Then high you hence to Frier *Lawrence* Cell,
There ſtaies a husband to make you a wife:
Now comes the wanton bloud vp in your cheekes,
Thei'le be in ſcarlet ſtraight at any newes:
Hie you to Church, I muſt an other way,
To fetch a Ladder by the which your Loue
Muſt climde a birds neaſt ſoone when it is darke.
I am the drudge, and toile in your delight:
But you ſhall beare the burthen ſoone at night.
Go Ile to dinner, hie you to the Cell.
Iu. Hie to high fortune, honeſt Nurſe farewell.

Exeunt.

Enter Frier and Romeo.

Fri. So ſmile the heauens vpon this holy act,
That after houres, with ſorrow chide vs not.
Ro. Amen, amen, but come what ſorrow can,
It cannot counteruaile the exchange of ioy

That

That one ſhort minute giues me in her ſight:
Do thou but cloſe our hands with holy words,
Then loue-deuouring death doe what he dare,
It is inough I may but call her mine.
Fri. Theſe violent delights haue violent endes,
And in their triumph die like fire and powder;
Which as they kiſſe conſume. The ſweeteſt honey
Is loathſome in his owne deliciouſneſſe,
And in the taſte confoundes the appetite.
Therefore loue moderately, long loue doth ſo,
Too ſwift arriues as tardie as too ſlow.

Enter Iuliet.

Here comes the Lady, Oh ſo light a foot
Will nere weare out the euerlaſting flint,
A louer may beſtride the goſſamours,
That ydles in the wanton ſommer ayre,
And yet not fall, ſo light is vanitie.
Iu. Good euen to my ghoſtly confeſſor.
Fri. Romeo ſhall thanke thee daughter for vs both.
Iu. As much to him, elſe is his thanks too much.
Ro. Ah *Iuliet*, if the meaſure of thy ioy
Be heapt like mine, and that thy skill be more
To blaſon it, then ſweeten with thy breath
This neighbour ayre, and let rich muſicke tongue,
Vnfold the imagin'd happines that both
Receiue in either, by this deare encounter.
Iu. Conceit more rich in matter then in words,
Brags of his ſubſtance, not of ornament,
They are but beggers that can count their worth,
But my true loue is growne to ſuch exceſſe,
I cannot ſum vp ſum of halfe my wealth.
Fri. Come, come with me, and we will make ſhort w
For by your leaues, you ſhall not ſtay alone,
Till holy Church incorporate two in one.